

muss up your laurel wreath.

Amid much cheering, the machine of my bitter rival, Tessie Flitter, was wheeled out and started from one end of the field, while I in my Baby Kazoo-mounted gaily from the other end. I could make out her white sweater and her mop of peroxide hair, but I couldn't see the haughty sneer I knew she would be wearing on her face.

I gritted my teeth and swore that I would show up this "lady demon of the air" today, or forever pass up the aviation game. I would bust her proud spirit for the Dirt she tried to do me.

Why describe the contest. I beat her a city block. The crowd rose and howled for me, and the strings of my corset snapped with pardonable pride. I turned to taunt my humiliated rival.

There was a woman near me, in street clothes, giggling. Tessie! And out of her machine piled my opponent. Off came that mass of yellow jute with a sweep of his hand, revealing the bullet head of a MAN!

I saw it all now. I hadn't triumphed over Tessie—I had only won from Mike O'Pylon disguised as her.

THE END

OUR PRECISE ARTIST



"A lap supper."

THE REASON



She: You cowboys are so picturesque.

He: Yep. Nearly all of us have been working for the film companies so long we can't help it.

YOUR NEXT



"Do you keep your mug in this shop?"

"Nope; I bring it here to get it shaved."